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## THE DEATH OF JUNE.

JUNE falls asleep upon her bier of flowers.  
In vain are dew-drops sprinkled over her,  
In vain would fond winds fan her back to life;  
Her hours are numbered on the floral dial.  
Astrea's scales have weighed her minutes out,  
Poised on the Zodiac; but the Northern Crown  
Hangs sparkling in the zenith just at eve,  
To show a queen is passing.

See, where stands  
Pausing on tiptoe, with full, flushing lips,  
And outstretched arms, her sister, warm July,  
Eager to kiss the blossoms that will die,  
If her hot breath but touch them.

June is dead.  
Dead, without dread or pain, her gayest wreaths  
Twined with her own hands for her funeral—  
At first she smiled upon us, garlanded  
With columbines and azure lupine-buds,  
But now we pick up half-blown roses, dropped  
In her last dreamy faintness, round the fields;  
Or find her wild geraniums by the wall,  
Her laurels and azalias in the woods;  
These gather we, for keepsakes of dear June,  
Though not unmindful of the humbler flowers  
That thought it joy to bloom around her feet;  
The buttercups and blue-eyed grass that peeped  
Under the wayside bars at travellers;  
Prunella blooming in the wagon's track;  
The evening primrose, glowing like a star  
When the sun set; and the prim mullein too,  
Folded in flannels from the eastern winds,  
Damp dews, and reckless songs of bob-o'-links.

A warmer reign begins, and they must fade  
Beneath its splendor—e'en these richer blooms,  
The purple orchis and the bright rose-bay,  
And white pond-lilies, hardly opening  
In time to catch the farewell look of June.  
But the midsummer air is balmy yet  
With the sweet, lingering breath of flowers that died  
And left their fragrance for a legacy  
To weary, dusty days they never saw.

Nature hath meanings for the wise to guess.  
The grass springs up like good thoughts in a mind  
That loves and blesses all things, high and low.  
The rose breathes out a passion and a beauty  
Far sweeter than her bloom. And God foresaw  
That man's best mood would be his lowliest one,  
When His word shaped the lily of the vale.

The universe is one great, loving thought,  
Written in hieroglyphic light and bloom.  
And we, in human faces, human forms,  
When not o'ergrown and ruinous with sin,  
May see the same love-spirit blossoming;  
May feel an emanation from the life  
Of one whose soul is closely knit with God's,  
Like odors through the gate of Paradise  
Again swung open to this outcast world.

Creator! Father! thou art Nature's wealth!  
Suns, blossoms, insects, worlds, and souls of men,  
Draw life's deep joy from Thee, their treasury.

Oft, like a beggar suddenly made rich,  
I sink beneath the overpowering sense  
Of Thee in all things. Sometimes 'tis the moon,  
Orbed like an eye dilating with calm love,  
That floods me with pale, silent waves of light.  
Sometimes it is the mighty, shadowing hills  
That crush me with a greatness not their own,  
Or stars burn glory through me, living coals  
On the heaped altar of the universe.

But whispers oftener borne from common things,  
Wake up a subtle faculty within,  
Like Asgard's fabled warders, who could hear  
The grass grow leagues away—so comes to me  
A golden gladness, with keen delicate edge,  
Piercing the films that veiled my inner sense;  
Making its joy to think of swelling buds,  
And fruit slow ripening on the apple-trees,  
And young birds fledging in the robin's nest.  
By every outward sluice runs through my soul  
And overflows its brim, the thought of Thee.

But the swift memory of man and sin  
Returns, and drains away my happiness.

Oh, God, that man were good! that he would not  
Make himself pestilent with brooding long  
O'er evil thoughts and deeds; a wind that lurks  
For poisons in the marsh. Would he were true  
And loving, like all natural things that grow  
Best in the sunshine, drawing from Thy light  
Their joy, their strength from working Thy firm will!

Then were this human life a sunny breeze,  
Freshening the earth with balmy draughts of bloom;  
And death were but subsiding into heaven,  
As June-flowers softly fade upon the air  
Of brighter noons, yet leave their breath behind.

LUCY LAROOM.

## THE STRUGGLE.

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not nor faileth,  
And as things have been, things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers—  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves vainly breaking  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding-in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look! the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.